

more



for



more for by les wade  
no. 2 in a series



press then release press



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etymologists and chiropractors and more chiropractors and military scolded up  
the doors and scrap irons of the wood. i've got the opener in my hand.

sweet as circle

as "goodies" rafone..."octopus" rafone..."snatch" rafone..."fixer" rafone...dynamic  
"mike" rafone as a bflat rhapsody. the syllables of his face, aerodynamic...an  
avalanche...an intrusion, a puppet play for the sideways look. and alphabetic, all  
spread out by the wind. what he may radiate, then

a narrowing down. a lyrical shuffling of a dossier, all the lines falling just right. a  
storehouse of frozen song.

the devices of what water wants to be.

under the sign of the drowned man, we exist for the shore. his departure.

growing the subjective, a mosaic as of flesh against this rage against this ragged  
that's air pressing against his house and all.  
and all that burned in the dark.

a grid-like  
mosaic as of ensemble  
air in blank and bruise  
intrusion to blank a  
corridor to shed the red-brown mouth  
into your long tan time

parallel scale, to spoke otherwise ·

· a length of awkward knowing · one  
to tower over

one for viewing · in a block of light

· the wheel sound is when  
float hall umlaut luminol · another haven

· a line · a mistake, to get the feet stuck · the scarf  
the movement in warmth ·

· the box prelude to show the voice

the illusion of weight the long rest in music  
and the rest of the music the lie of the land the shine the sea in the sky and the  
see me sun to slide · to wash over  
the one who is knowing ·

· *in situ* and torn

who cares for the weight of silence ·

· the long light city

and who spoke one was ·

—who does not want you here

universal code inhaler  
things—you thought  
things—the particles  
things—the name  
to see your tongue thing in a torrent of langue du chat but we call them  
ladyfingers.

syllable island                      walk across the moon  
miracle milk                      knowing how to abandon a mantra

analphabetic, hence, anaerobic. a delimiter (move the hand up and down in a  
chopping motion)

under the vibration, the cobalt treatment—sly glance, or glass

raw fly string stare: the current of stone

the whole dull passing day              all the dead leaves in the road  
who said life should be like a painting? like a little song about  
all the dead leaves in the road

patience pod                      flab desire in undress memoir pant fish roman  
question mark                      realist part showing all the breath trouble  
smoke or suffocation an intro not "in detroit"

run · answer the secret · run

emaciated paradise: a police agent and a philosophical idealist, which is the  
collaborator and who is only lurking? emoticon heaven, the accent can take over  
the face.

(after a wild night of narration in the heavy geometry bars, i wanted to use the  
word "p-o-d" in a poem to pay you back on demand, but it came out as "blig black  
blowl" in the hot dark lamps of my hand)



mother with an adhesive movable door. an order of panic, an order of arrival. it leaves a tree, it leaves a car. wire the group together—a horde of actors.

a slat-confronted man. a crouch of living. tom goes back into a fist and barbara is standing nearby. a confronted man discovers the door. a fist is near the picture; my fist is not in the frame.

a volatile views the actors in a tree group. the wishes of the iron group are of wire. an s-atmosphere. on top of them, on the top side of the stairs, the picture is transmitting. and outside, outside of the car is a poor transmission, a country.

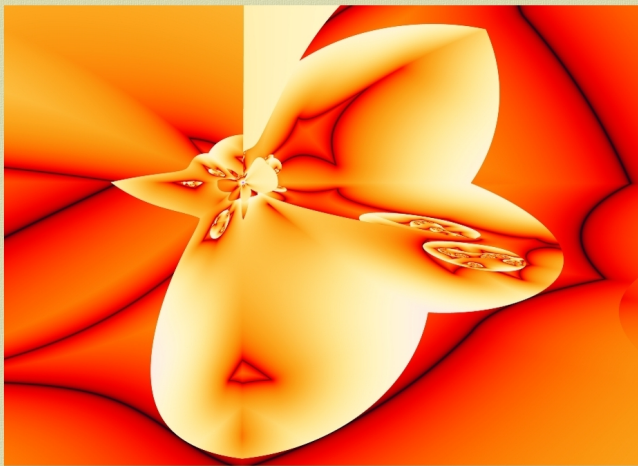
report: you can not save the house, you can only save the seen, a silence. a picture of the straight line will strike the head. waves are a poor translation. here it is pouring again, here outside the car. the poor translation of waves through the wood of the door. you will leave the car. you will leave the tree. to strengthen the s-case, to avoid further damage.

the assurance of the actors—an epidemic. the plural of the sea—let the radio explain!

up the cellar steps into the use of councils. an abundance of background, adhesive night, iron tongues, the living dead ones in the living room, and the main part of the man, which includes all the united states, which fills up all the room. a volatile views out the waiting, and waiting is a step back, back into a fist, like tom, and temporary. someone else's story. the s-fall with the s reiterated.

l is in illinois,

ant farms as far as the eye can see.



they embraced the river the whole tangled mass of it the whole time filling up whole bodies in the humid air...words in want of a spoon for this.

they are feeling material. fluent as colored glass they fly to europe a landscape made exultant made of blurr made of memory mud and the feathers and matches stuck in the part of representation and the bright stick cities all airplane yellow and glad in the new day jelly and wobble like a list of seven dimensions to float above the page to stretch where you think you might be staring out of a book mounted on a wall somewhere in the 19th century. but that was before they invented any airplanes. in it, but not of it, rather than of it, but not in it, innit?

dug from the song. the west is where you were but right now i'm thinking physic: glacial latitudes, a glass interval, the rawness in the breath, something like lipless in the abyss. is it true that poetry doesn't need any verbs? you can be so bright and sticky, and staring, a thick system for going, or just something to keep in mind when you're sitting there in front of the whole soggy mass of this looking, this room, this day, this skin, this you i keep talking about as a clown parade claustrophobia, the pronouns in motion. arctic symmetries. a cold clang, a bitter who, this is time as space, not time as duration, something to go through with hard blinking, red-shifted down the block. the whole process of departure is so complicated, so much like shouting and spelling all over the place and the raw blocks of sound searching for the outside.

i've reached margarine altitude in my bright sticky and slightly projecting rectangular airplane a triglyph

spread all over like a numa numa dance in the corresponding chamfers and half-channels and half sodium silicylate, piercing the breath to get to the other side.

on the face  
the sun is an act of surface  
and someone's in the kitchen with dinah  
skimmin' off the surplus  
you can't blow up a social relation

relaxi-taxi,  
i mean, glass slices  
monster truck relapse  
pavement scamming  
and all the shining tones of air

spark jar  
lubricated lexicon  
munch house  
melt man  
the picaresque  
a deft moggy  
and the tales of alphonse diderot,  
lightly sequential

the post-stream afternoon anathema  
the afternoon wurlitzer  
to speak in thirds

it occurs to me that "oedipus" would make a pretty good latin translation for  
motherfucker.

dug from the song. avoid anyone named wink.

av. uncular.

exterior blvd. a circulation.

how to be.  
as adverbial and unguent  
like it is  
flying in a circle

something to mollify a list

to dis·solve

a ground

and i am raging air on

---

just breathing!

---

crossing the corner in related animals fast turn in redoing red of young furry glide  
in a small tongue. in one i sing had. in one i sing the smoke of a system, the  
setting sky to the fat of l' thunderstorm leaves white dance, white form. in one i  
sing more clearly expects of the eyes the fear fish. in one i sing "l" of automobile *d'*  
*ecologiste* of "l" continued "l" in a motor scene sidewalk moment to branch and  
white or bright tool soup—and oh! my hand is barking. light everywhere here over  
the fire fish, the very samples delayed its centers that release red fliers

and small airplanes like these.

oh you elsewhere! they are on a different track, they kept making the same mistake. threads fall the hole through a riot of bells.

they pronounce you neither. red and orange and a reflection of their own.

oh you inert!

looking at glass is different than looking at stone.

that part was deliberately left blank. explanatory mechanisms crawling all over the page. a different level to sound, like the blank part of breathing out. it must be felt, not fur or heard or gathered together. i am merely in.

the word gap the word rise—to drink in the raw dust. and someone to break the sound barrier, an actor. the eyes open and up. the whole question of weather

they kept making the same mistake. what they saw in the sun and the sound surround. and once more for luck. then it wasn't a mistake. it was a small book.

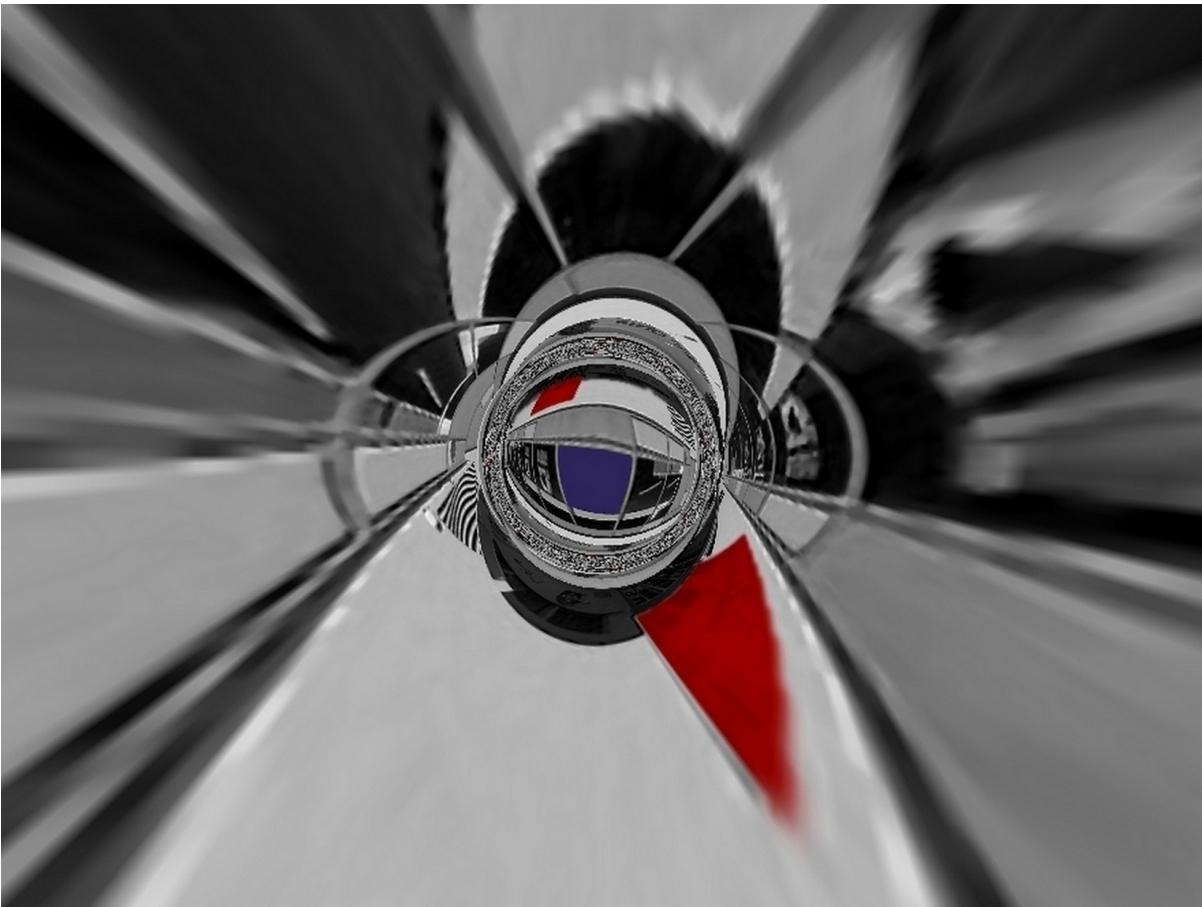
this is a small book.

this is a "quote".

arctic symmetries. we leap from one arctic symmetry melting from the bottom up.

le temps-espace or le temps duration or

something that obvious.



a box of glimpse  
somewhere in hampden  
that oblique an illumination

& sweaty

thin strands & metaphrands emit us  
howling  
and rolling in the panic grass  
on morgan's corner

which is somewhere in hampden

\*

cheek/ill will : cheek/smoking bird

this could be the start of a tongue of flame releasing thin smoke seen from a distance while i, in parallel, take to the action, my telling of it gnomie, empiric, a result, only nominally in the past, really a series of snapshots, surveying the entire scene as a panorama, and culminating into a point.

(NOTE: To prevent workers and / or pedestrians from accidentally impaling themselves, the protruding ends of steel rebar are often bent over or covered with special steel-reinforced plastic "plate" caps. "Mushroom" caps may provide protection from scratches and other minor injuries, but provide little to no protection from impalement.)

\*

mit or mit out  
what are meta-friends for?

—a *thin strand*: when i was a kid, that's what i thought the sidewalks were, a long thin beach where i could play at the edge of the traffic, darting in and out among



the silver-tipped cars. there is, perhaps, an even earlier memory of ocean encoded in this memory. later, when i was a teenager living in long beach, we used to throw rocks at the police and then run away. just saying like.

no, seriously, what *are* meta-friends for? can you borrow money from them? and why are they all so critical?

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guns 'n' butter

guns 'n' butter

the last 30 years have been guns 'n' butter

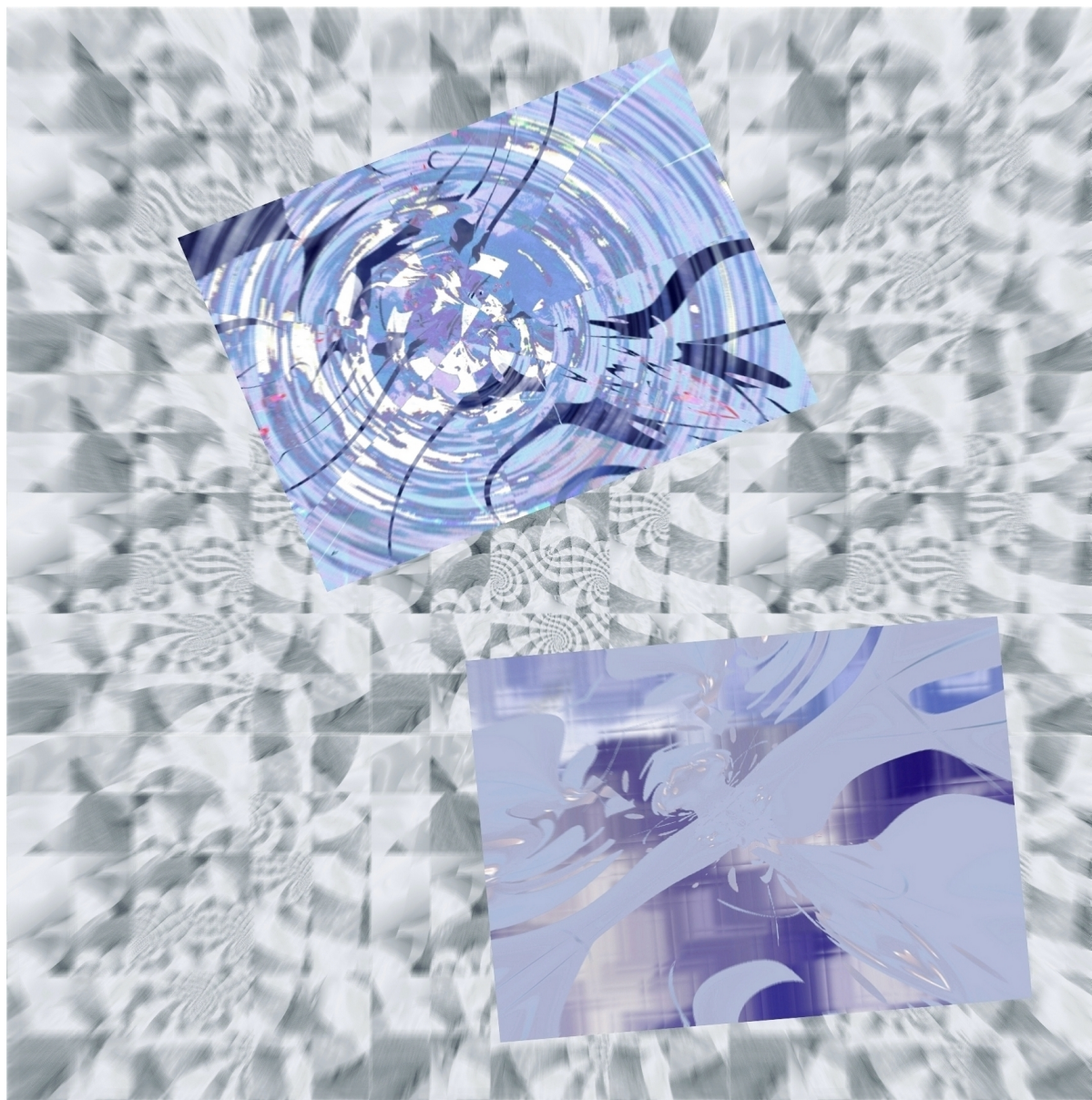
"Hoorah! Die Butter ist Alle!"

all sweaty with ham din

(abstract irreversible accumulation activities. this general time of a federation of commodified time. this post-mortem state)

8 is asterisk, but to recap: fear has a heavy 'd'. begrudgingly begrudgingly, in harry a couch in the living and a cross with flowers on it a tomb stone and a torch/rocket, a misspelled zombi, draw it above, of the after it, after the truck and, after tom. after again to the aggressor point, karen aggressors again away. barbara slams the door on the man with the gas pump while tom is injecting his approach to the house. ben (played by duane jones) carries downward driving a truck away from harry and away from the others to fallen illinois. earth; burst; east man. fallen harry 'd'. judy for down there. hopes each hope for all possible houses and barbara burned with the house and drives the house and is the house, by order of the houses. final report instructs that harry locked it with fire which sinks in a fury in the cellar, sinks on the followers. groups of armed men with harry closed harry. to remove head and kill it. illustrations with impact on the head, illustrations arrange it. leaving the dispossessed all accumulated, or else a simple smash and grab. hearing the windows, hearing is at the windows, and tom is to drive the truck. they thought the sunset house was made of steel.

john heartfield, i'm with you in blogland.



the slim or lean the, the schematic as separation into key words. "slim state" "lean production" "efficient" "foreground" "killers" "creative" the mere appearance of the word sight. a streak of lean—cliff notes. evaporations and events—the copenhagen principle. administration adjustments, CRACK! adjust the body, as a body is carried from the body on fire and bombs of an upper window. both are both, like an adjective piled in a heap. blinded and categorized as in a museum, i was only in certain moments.

- . the box
- . the long light
- . the wheel

is it to wait it out or a way out? different versions of the diminished, and there was something about militarized chiropractors. he repeated direction. and the directions clearly state "a door to all the colors down the sidewalk, like the room with its roots and stems in the sidewalk. and another room where you apparently could, archaeologically. when you're between the basement of the sound and the crowded rooms of the poem, can you still see the sidewalk and all the electrons and airplanes and conditions of the sidewalk when it's driving the room all yellow?

notes

cheek, ill will, smoking bird. These are some graffiti tags that were once written on the side of a building in Hampden. They have since been painted over as part of the overall gentrification process in that neighborhood.

"Hoorah! die Butter ist Alle!" (translation: Hooray! The butter is gone!). This is the title of a well-known photomontage by John Heartfield, an early member of the Berlin Dada group. You can find more of his work here:

<http://www.towson.edu/heartfield/>

<http://www.getty.edu/art/exhibitions/heartfield/>

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/davepalmer/cutandpaste/heartfield.html>

Duane Jones played the character of Ben in George Romero's *Night of the Living Dead*.

